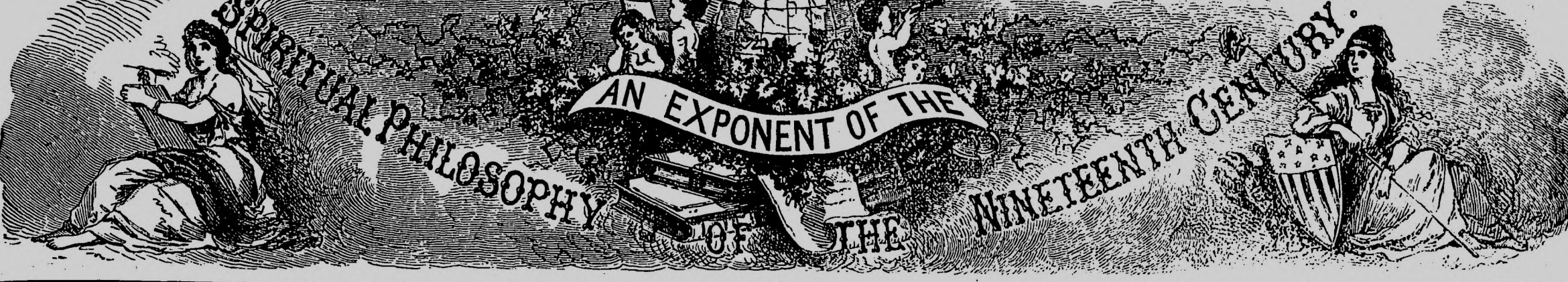


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Rostrum.

THE SOUL OF MAN:

MISS FANCHER'S CASE IN ITS RELATIONS TO SCIENCE AND CHRISTIANITY.

A Lecture Delivered Saturday Evening, Dec. 29th, at Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by Clara E. Brookway.)

The purpose of my lecture is not to gratify the curiosity that seeks the marvelous, but to address the highest wisdom and the profoundest religious sentiments of my friends before me.

The case of Miss Mollie Fancher stands in the very centre of the battlefield of conflicting forces, where all that is spiritual and all that is grossly material are in an irrepressible conflict, which has religion, hope, philosophy and progress on one side—and on the other materialism, doubt, gloom, and despair.

There is so much to be said that I shall not give any detail of her case, which has already been so fully published, nor shall I dwell upon my own observations of the interesting phenomena in her case, which are not known to the public, and which she does not wish me to mention.

She is a young lady of excellent character, of amiable and confiding disposition, remarkably developed in the ideal, sensitive and constructive regions of the brain, so that if she had never been injured she would have been a fluent writer, a skillful artist, and a clairvoyant, giving to everything in which she engages an air of refinement.

Disease has not evolved any new powers, but only given her a more delicate spiritual organization and nervous sensibility. The power by which she recognizes objects at a distance, or penetrates the character of persons, is no exception to the laws of nature, but simply the exhibition of a natural power which belongs to several thousand persons in this city, and is no more abnormal than the musical genius of Ole Bull or Paganini, which would be equally marvelous in a nation that never cultivated music.

Whenever the psychic powers are cultivated and properly educated, when they are cultivated as generally as music, they will become just as common as musical genius; but no matter how common they may become, the educated and artificial ignorance of materialistic doctors will never admit their existence until one generation of these miseducated men shall have passed away [applause], for human nature is the same to-day as in the days of Harvey, when the whole generation of old-practicing physicians had to die before so simple a matter as the circulation of the blood could be generally received. Medical schools have lost none of their bigotry in two hundred and fifty years. Hence they are behind the age, and instead of leading the public in advance, public opinion leads them, and sometimes pushes them. [Applause.]

If the gentleman who has made such an unfortunate exhibition of himself on this subject in the medical journals, had attended my lectures twenty or thirty years ago, if he was then old enough, he would have been sufficiently instructed to have exhibited his knowledge on this subject instead of his ignorance.

My chief discoveries were made before Miss Fancher was born, and if they had been welcomed by the medical profession in New York, if the admired and lamented Dr. Forry had been permitted to advocate them in the *Medical Journal*, which he established then, instead of being silenced by Dr. Chessman and other bigots, there would have been in this city enough knowledge of the nervous system to have treated Miss Fancher properly at first, and saved her from her present condition.

The history of her case exhibits the unconscious malpractice of educated ignorance, which cannot cope with such conditions because the knowledge of the nervous system which explains such cases and their treatment has been carefully excluded from medical colleges, whose graduates, supposed themselves well educated, are involved in darkness as to nervous phenomena and psychic life.

Materialistic ignorance speaks of her powers as abnormal—as something that cannot possibly exist, because it exists in no one else, and is no part of the common endowments of humanity. But in truth the psychic powers which she exhibits have belonged to the human race in all ages; they are not at all as rare as eloquence, and though they are comparatively undeveloped, there are a number of persons here to-night who possess the same endowments as Miss Fancher, and some who could surpass her in their exhibition.

The fact of Miss Fancher being alive when she does not consume a day's provision in a year—the fact of her passing five months at a time unable to eat anything, ought not to disturb or engage physiologists when medical records are full of similar cases, forgotten now because the modern work of ignorance, so that the present generation of physicians know nothing about it; yet they do not exclude the authentic case

of a Hindoo Fakir buried alive for ten months at Lahore, India, in 1838, reported by Capt. Osborne and Sir Claude Wade, a case in which the man was kept in his grave while a crop of barley was raised and harvested over it. Frogs have been found alive in solid blocks of stone as old as the hills.

The celebrated geologist, Dr. E. Clark, of Cambridge, England, found in a mass of chalkstone dug up from forty-five fathoms below the surface of the ground, living animals of the lizard species, which were reanimated when exposed to the sun, which must have been from their locality, more ancient than the flood, and were, in fact, so old that they belonged to an extinct species.

The law, therefore, seems to be that in a state of absolute repose and suspended animation no food is necessary, whether for one month, one year, or ten thousand years; and when the soul is partially emancipated from the body, as in Miss Fancher, during a trance, the body is in that repose which absolutely requires no food whatever.

Why should a narrow-minded doctor object to Miss Fancher occasionally seeing persons at a distance, or knowing what they are doing? History abounds in similar cases.

The ladies in our Psychometric Society in New York will often describe an individual and tell of his deeds long after he is dead, and not think it anything wonderful.

These powers were frequently enjoyed among the ancient Greeks, and the greatest of ancient philosophers, Pythagoras, saw clairvoyantly the wreck of a distant ship at sea.

In the times of the apostles such facts frequently occurred, and in the house of the Danish astronomer, Tycho, I recollect the authentic biographical statement that a half-idiot young man, who often saw people at a distance, once laughed while he saw clairvoyantly a party of young men upset in a boat as they were coming to the island.

On the 17th of February, 1851, when Captain Austin and Sir John Franklin were in the Arctic Ocean, Austin being near Cape Martyr, a Scotch woman, as stated by Prof. Gregory, described the position of both at that time, giving the exact longitude, and it was published long before they returned, and when they returned from the voyage the statement was found correct. Is it not strange that educated gentlemen should turn their backs on ancient history and modern experience, to become the champions of ignorance? [Applause.]

In discussing these questions of psychic powers, clairvoyance, premonition, &c., I shall not condescend to meet them as though they were debatable novelties like the questions raised by spectrum analysis concerning which the parties stand on equal ground. We have that possession which is called nine points of the law; and he who assaults us must make a clear, unanswerable case, for the burden of the proof lies upon him, and not upon those who maintain established science and established practice.

That which has been in progress longer than the Anglo-Saxon race, longer than Christianity itself, further back than Greek civilization, and older than the pyramids, is not in any way disturbed by the voluntary ignorance of a pragmatic doctor, or even of a score of colleges. [Applause.]

I learned stupidity of the whole university of Padua, and all its contemporary universities in Europe, did not affect the planet Jupiter and its moons, or Galileo's perceptions by the telescope; they did not hurt the infant science of astronomy, nor can the colleges which are still faithful to their medieval spirit, still hostile to enlarged thought, do any harm in the end to that science of the soul which is older than all colleges, and dearer to the heart of humanity than the sciences of the physical sciences. [Applause.]

For the science of the invisible, the science of the upper world—the science of man's true life and destiny, the science which leads us to the sphere of divinity, the science which reveals the grandeur of that ancient religion which gleams upon us in supernatural beauty from the thick darkness of antiquity, and thus by opening our eyes to the divine truth saves us from that soul-freezing gloom of that modern infidelity and pessimism, which delight in the moral darkness of medieval colleges.

In defending these ancient truths, which are now enlarged and illuminated by modern science, I am not engaged in any very serious task.

In fact, we are much obliged to those pragmatic gentlemen who are so eager to display their ignorance by going beyond the limits of the physical sciences, in which they are skillful and respectable, to assail sciences which they say do not exist, but which have existed in various degrees of progress for thousands of years, and are to-day progressing more rapidly than any other department of human knowledge.

The psycho-physiological sciences are now not only sciences in books but sciences in practice.

Hundreds of skillful physicians to-day are using the higher powers of the soul in making the most accurate diagnoses of diseases, and in recognizing the condition of patients at a distance, whose descriptions they describe often with greater accuracy than the physician of mere external observation can realize when he visits them.

Bayard Taylor has just passed away, and the news came over the ocean that his physicians were mistaken in his disease—so the newspapers say—I do not know whether it is so or not, but this is the published statement. It is a tremendous mistake which involves such a life as his in the consequence of the willful ignorance of the learned.

If Bayard Taylor had been in correspondence with myself, his true condition could have been pointed out more correctly than it was by his physicians, and if any medical college wishes to test this assertion I am prepared to prove it. [Applause.]

What I say of myself I could say of many other physicians.

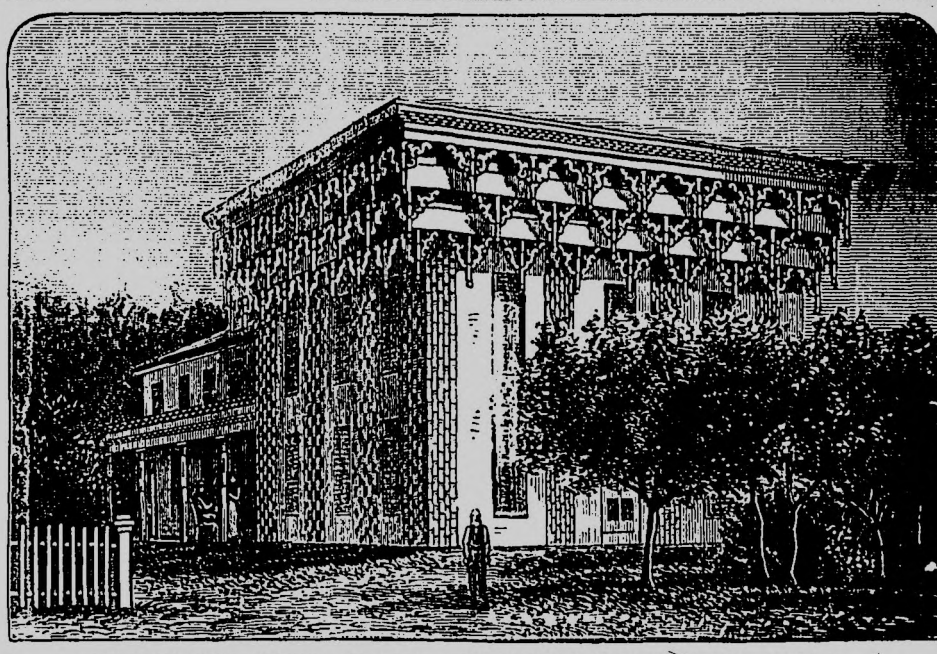
Science does not shrink from proper tests, but ignorance and bigotry always do, always have. [Applause.] I have challenged investigation from the first.

In 1841 and 1842 I invited and urged an investigation by the leading medical college of the West at Louisville, the Faculty of which were lineal successors of the first medical Faculty in the West, of which my father was an honored member.

Soon after I urged an investigation by the Boston Academy of Sciences, under Jackson and Warren, and then by the University of Indiana; also by numerous committees, physicians and professors, and even as late as last year by the Kentucky State Medical Society.

I have done all that self-respect would allow, and have never had an adverse scientific report, but I shall never "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to obtain as a favor what I demand in behalf of truth by paramount right. But I shall ever meet the candor and courtesy of gentlemen by still greater candor and courtesy. [Applause.]

If the learned materialistic bigot is to be believed, all who investigate and testify are lunatics. All the physicians who practice success-



BROWN'S FREE HALL—INSPIRATION AND WILL.

In a pleasant valley among the hills of Madison County, some thirty-five miles southeast of Syracuse, N. Y., is the village of Georgetown—a place of some five hundred people, amidst the dairy farms in the valley and on the hillsides. Sixteen years ago Timothy Brown lived on his farm—a middle-aged, industrious man, and an earnest Spiritualist. A sudden loss of property compelled the sale of farm and stock, and he bought a building lot on which stood an old house, just east of the Baptist church in the village, himself and his excellent wife going there with small means for a new start, but with strong hearts and true lives on their side. He had been occasionally impressed, as he thought, by spirits from the higher life. Awakening from a peaceful sleep in his new home, and lying on his bed thinking how to build a house, he had presented before him several buildings standing out clearly in the air, as though he was to select from them. The model he adopted was thus presented at different times, and so made clear and lasting in his mind. All this, he felt, was from a favorite sister Mary. He once asked: "If this is Mary let her open the bedroom door," which swung to of its own weight usually, but which then gently opened as he laid on his bed. He once saw a luminous mist, which broke away and revealed—as if lying or floating on the air—a beautiful woman, who soon faded from his sight.

Along with this was borne in upon him the conviction that *this house must be built*, and consecrated to Spiritualism and to free speech in the service of humanity. He could not resist the conviction, and it became the aim and enthusiasm of his life. He bought a wood-lot, got out his own logs and hewed his timber for the frame, which he began to build himself. Not a carpenter, and all unused to tools, he found that if he put his chisel in the wrong place his arm had no power to use the mallet or strike a blow, but when his chisel was rightly placed the blows were freely dealt. So, amidst the doubt or ridicule of his neighbors, the frame of a front building, thirty-five feet square, was finished. A master-carpenter took charge of its raising, and when it stood complete he said to the people, "This is as good and perfect a frame as I ever saw," and they went home astonished. All this time, and through all the ten years which he took

to finish his task, he was obliged to make a living and go on as he best could, on simplest fare and with constant labor, up to sixteen hours a day. His brave wife could not share his enthusiasm, but wrought as a skilled cheese-maker in the factories near by, and so won good wages and kept their house in order.

With the frame raised he still toiled on, and all the building, save doors and window-sashes—everything from cellar floor and foundation stones to the quaintly beautiful and unique carving of the cornice, is the work of his own hands—not a week's work to help him, and that of common laborers. All these years he wrought after the spiritual model, ever clear in his mind, and felt that he was guided by supernatural intelligence and skill.

The upper floor was a hall thirty-five feet square, the lower part the home for his wife and himself. He then bought at small cost a second-hand Presbyterian church, put it in the rear on the north side, built a piazza, and laid a floor to divide it into two stories, threw all the upper floor, front and rear, together, and his free hall is now seventy feet by thirty-five, plainly but neatly fitted up to seat some six hundred people or more, and the whole perfected building is the architectural ornament of the town. The singular yet beautiful carving on the front would attract attention anywhere. Good judges say that the work is substantial and thorough, the skill in its finer parts remarkable. His wonderful persistence has well-nigh conquered the prejudices of his doubting neighbors, and the structure stands a striking evidence of the power of will concentrated on one object, and of the guiding inspiration, as he firmly believes, of spiritual beings in the life beyond.

Two Yearly Meetings have been held in the hall, with good attendance and with cheering spiritual power. Mr. Brown and his wife opening their doors for the use of all comers to spread their tables and prepare their meals; and next August will bring a third goodly gathering. This great labor of ten years has left this good couple worn and weary with the intimacy of advancing age, and with too little of this world's goods, yet with cheery and illumined spirits. The brave and weather-worn veteran Spiritualist, Timothy Brown, stands at the corner of his hall, as seen in the engraving.

fully the new sciences are knaves, and their patients are fools; and even the learned gentlemen of the skeptical French Academy are credulous fools too, according to this New York and Brooklyn standard. The only authority is the *Ego*, who knows everything without observation by exercising the marvelous power of deduction in his "non-luminous inner consciousness."

I see but little difference between the stubborn skeptic in astronomy and the stubborn skeptic in psychology.

Their skeptical colored brother, Rev. Mr. Jasper, knows by his inner consciousness and by deduction and by instinct, (as Dr. Beard calls it) that the earth is flat, and that astronomy is a humbug; and Dr. Beard says the profession know by instinct that although the Brooklyn physicians connected with the case of Miss Fancher are among the most honorable and able men in the profession, still the whole affair is a humbug. There was another Jasper in England of the white race who was so certain that the earth was flat as to offer a wager. The offer was accepted by that distinguished author in spiritual and physical science, Alfred R. Wallace, and the matter was actually decided by the measurement of a small portion of the earth's circumference in England, and the skeptic lost his wager, and his temper also. The English skeptic has a rival in this country, who understands finance much better, and has a great deal more shrewdness than the Englishman. Dr. Hammond has no idea of losing any money in sustaining his skepticism, for he is not as thoroughly sincere as the Englishman was. He has had innumerable opportunities during the last thirty years of testing every proposition which affirms the existence of anything but the matter and force in which he believes. Clairvoyance has been publicly displayed throughout this country as well as Europe.

Psychometry has been in public progress thirty-six years. Hands have been materialized, and when grasped by the living have melted into air. Human forms have appeared in all the perfection of life, walked and talked with their friends, and vanished—faded out of sight while they were standing near; messages have been written on the inside of locked slates by unseen hands; flowers and birds have been brought into private apartments that were absolutely closed and locked; small objects have been seized and suddenly carried great distances by spirit-power (in one instance from Memphis to Louisville, in about three hours); tables have been lifted to the ceiling with their furniture undisturbed, and persons have been lifted in the same manner; musical instruments, in full view, have been played on by unseen hands (this is in pro-

which all the colleges of Europe and America combined might strive in vain to equal. Would the poet laureate of England, would Longfellow, Whittier, or any living poet, dare to compete in improvised poetry with some woman of limited education whose lips are used by the immortals?

But as love and wisdom go together, the same great powers that speak in poetry, philosophy, song and prophecy, are mighty to do deeds of love—to heal when medical skill has failed—to heal both mind and body, and even when necessary to perform surgical operations without human hands, of which I have authentic testimony from a physician in Ohio—for all things are possible in that world of causes, where powers exist to which matter is but as a vapor to us, powers that spoke this living world into existence, powers that inspired Shakespeare to the immortal words in which he told us that towers, palaces, and temples, mountains, and the great globe itself, might pass away as the baseless fabric of a vision.

And all the time that this great revelation has been in progress—while ancient miracles repeated from age to age bear the most solemn attestations of any historic events, and these modern marvels of invisible power have been brought under the most skeptical scrutiny of thousands of scientific observers, graduates have been turned out of medical colleges blind as bats to all they do not wish to see; deaf as the adder and dumb as a post, they profess to see nothing, to hear nothing, for the simple reason that they wish neither to see nor hear, and take particular care to keep out of the reach of phenomena that they cannot control. [Applause.]

If they had any genuine love of scientific truth in psychology, they would if they were skeptical have sought and confronted these facts, and either disproved or admitted their reality.

I have great respect for honest skepticism, however stupid it may be, but I have no respect for the dishonest species which shuts investigation, falsifies facts, and slanders its superiors.

Dr. Hammond, while shunning investigation, for he dare not make any such offer to parties who are before the public, displays the malignant animus which is generally found in dogmatic and unscrupulous skepticism. It makes a cheap parade of a courage which he has not, and of a desire to investigate which he has not, by challenging a poor invalid woman, hovering between life and death, who has never come before the public, whose chief desire is to preserve her delicate sensibility from rude contact—challenging her to meet him and his friends—when he well knew that his challenge was in its very language an insult, and would be treated with the silent contempt it deserved.

To assail this delicate invalid with such a charge of imposture, to impugn persons of the highest integrity and intelligence have stated what they have observed, is one of those acts of social outrage that may be tolerated by what is absurdly called medical ethics, but which cannot be tolerated by the Christian ethics which the world approves. [Applause.]

In this country, at least, offences against a woman are not tolerated in decent society; the man who violates her person, if found suddenly hurried to a jail, will be hung by the neck in a spontaneous and irrepressible outburst of natural justice, and the man who grossly and wantonly assaults a woman's character may be sheltered by city police, but in regions less populous at the West and South, where private energy takes the place of the remoter magistrate, he would not be called to the bloody responsibility of the so-called field of honor, because men would not place themselves thus upon an equality with him. He would simply be treated as the loudmouth of the petty barony vagabond, by a vigorous horsewhipping, and he would seek in vain for any damages before a jury.

I do not speak of this to recommend or approve of such a course, but merely to show how the moral sense of mankind recognizes the baseness of an assault upon the angel nature that dwells in a lovely woman, of which we have a deplorable example in the scandalous publication of Dr. Beard, in a medical journal, which I would not condescend to notice any further, as it is not worthy of a respectful answer. [Applause.] I do not recommend any punishment for bigoted, narrow-minded and deluded people. I would have them placed in an asylum for disordered minds, treated with profound respect and fraternal kindness, humored in their whims, but brought into contact with refined and gifted women of intuitive genius, until their education was completed.

It is not a question of veracity that we have to meet, for the veracity of those who have testified to the wonderful experience of Miss Fancher has not been assailed, because it is entirely above attack from the most malignant, and the character of Miss Fancher herself is so far above reproach that he who would assail it simply covers himself with infamy.

There is, therefore, nothing personal in the real question. It is the same old question which has been the battle-ground of the ages—it is the old question between Theism and Atheism, between the living God and the dead matter as the Lord of the universe—between glorious immortality and hopeless death as our destiny—between the immortal soul and the perishing carcass as the real man—for this is the question which is forced upon us.

The animal nature of man is dead, to any appeal to the conscience, narrow in all its idlers, and groveling in its conceptions, incapable of a lofty sentiment. Above all, it is distinguished by this, that it has no faith in humanity, either collectively or individually. When a man has lost his honesty and truth, he has no more faith in humanity. When he has lost all virtue he has lost all faith, and is incapable of learning by testimony and reason. Like a mere animal, he must touch, or feel, or see, before he can know.

These wild and insane doctrines cannot be conquered by reason, for they did not spring from reason. They sprang from the selfish, animal nature of man, which recoils from divine truth, which belittles moral responsibility, which stifles the conscience, narrows the mind, and determines that it will not be convinced, as Horkey said he would die before he would concede the discoveries of Galileo.

The animal nature of man is dead, to any appeal to the conscience, narrow in all its idlers, and groveling in its conceptions, incapable of a lofty sentiment. Above all, it is distinguished by this, that it has no faith in humanity, either collectively or individually. When a man has lost his honesty and truth, he has no more faith in humanity. When he has lost all virtue he has lost all faith, and is incapable of learning by testimony and reason. Like a mere animal, he must touch, or feel, or see, before he can know.

A gentleman who was an eye-witness of the fact informed me that at a seance in Boston on the 19th of December, nine persons who were present each wrote a sentence on a card which was then sealed up in an envelope. Mrs. Jennie Potter, of 124 Castle Street, Boston, took up each of the nine envelopes, and after peering at them for a moment, read the writing correctly. She observed that one of the gentlemen had written his name so small as to make it difficult to read it, which he admitted was true. Dr. Hammond, however, has not the slightest desire to meet Mrs. Potter.

stood? It is an established fact that when an element has passed through any given physical

stood? It is an established fact that when an element has passed through any given physical form for the first time, its life-essence merges with the life-essence that determines the character of all forms that spring from that form. The life-essence of the food that a lion feeds upon leaves the lion with the lion character added to what it had before. So with all other forms; so with the human. Now, in this sense, the atmosphere of the earth and the elements are becoming humanized. The elements that have passed through a human body left it changed, not in their elementary substances, but in the principle that gives life to the substances. A few people in a room soon impress themselves upon everything in the room, atmosphere,

age, this humanizing of the elements becomes more and more marked, and, in the case of Mollie Flanders, allows her to live without resort to ordinary alimentary. The strength and vital power that is communicated from one to another is by magnetic treatment, or by the simple presence. This is well established. Then why should not the same sustaining power be first communicated to the atmosphere and then taken from it by breathing through the lungs and endosmosis through the skin? *No one can tell how much we all live that way even now*; nor how soon the elements will be so saturated with human vitality that the coarse medium of the foods may be abandoned. Materialization and all the other w

ty in the atmosphere, and when it shall become

sufficiently highly spiritualized, then we may look for the return of the spirits to *stay*; and this will be the resurrection, to be counterparted by that other phenomenon by which St. Paul says "we" (that is, those who are still living "shall be changed," which is the case with Moses and Enoch. (See I. Corinthians, xv: 52.) Such to me, is the significance of the Brooklyn wonder.

J. H. BLOOD.

Portland, Me.

(From the San Francisco Daily Call.)

A POET'S DEATH SONG.

*A Poem Written by Col. Ross on the Day Previous
to his Death.**

"*Do mortals all thus homam,* I am dead,
For me the end has come, and I am dead,
And little voluble, chattering daws of men,
Peek at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one bravely enough to speak the truth,
That I am dead."

Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And sword that rusted, and song that chilled his heart,
He wrought for Liberty; till his own wound,
(He had been steadily concealed with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him, and
swallowed.

And so here were you see him lying now,
With that word "Failure" written on his brow.
But say that he succeeded, if he missed
World's honors and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's deft hucksters, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels, whose assuage
The festings of the pest—of war—
Born unto slinging—and a burden lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to this day
What God had taught in his own sufferings, naughtless
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress
And benedictions from bleak pits of shame;
And his mild words were heard in all prayers;
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick tears—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
He broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till death's great summons came;
The popular shibboleth of courtiers' lips;
But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb,
And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
He was weary, but he was not weary
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed

And new life heavenly heavenward from the vol-
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet-
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

—SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 29th.—Col. Richard Beale com-
mitted suicide at the Windsor House, Oakland, last night,
by the use of morphine. Deceased came here recently from
Pittsburg, where he had been for some time. The suicide
attributed to ill health and domestic difficulties.

Spiritualist Convention.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold their
Quarterly Convention at St. Johnsbury Friday, Saturday
and Sunday, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d. The speakers are of great
native talent, who always so generously respond, the services
of Capt. H. H. Brown and Mr. C. M. Vandereck will be
present. Capt. Brown's lectures everywhere have been
highly appreciated by all who have heard them, each and
every one of his lectures being a masterpiece of his own
no fables, but strikes out boldly and manfully into the
broad domain of all human progress and reform. His topics
are of a high and noble character, and his delivery is the
model of handling them. His large experience in the
day-dance has kept him fully abreast with the leading in-
fluences of the age.

Mr. Vandereck's recollection of original songs and man-
dies, which he obtains by inspiration while sitting alone
in his room, is a most wonderful thing. He has sung him-
self deeply into the hearts of his numerous hearers.

With the array of talent that will be presented, it cannot
be hoped that all Spiritualists and Liberals will be present.

Good accommodations at the "Avenue House" can be
had at a low price, and the parlors are especially adapted
for holding a Convention, especially at this season
being accessible from all points by rail, together with good
hotel accommodations and a spacious hall.

The usual courtesy of the several railroads will be granted.

Gouldsville Wt., Dec. 30th, 1873.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Chaceford District, on the morning of Dec. 25 after an illness of three weeks, resulting from heart disease, Mr. John Gilman Abbott, aged 66 years and 9 months.

Some readers may remember an account of the funereal exercises of Miss Helen S., (daughter of the deceased), published in the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 15th, 1872. At the time she died she was engaged in perfect health. The *Banner* has long been a weekly visitor at his home, and he was ways and everywhere a decided advocate of the Spiritualist's cause. He was distinguished by high moral character and unobscured generosity, never seeking to display his good deeds only those intimate with his daily life could well recognize him.

Funeral services were conducted by Mr. W. J. Colville and the writer. Mr. Colville closed the services with the reading of some of the words of his faithful friend as given to Woodlawn Cemetery, a brief prayer offered by the writer, and though in accord with the winter season of a sunless sky and chilly wind, heavy hearts felt their desolation lessened when we able to look beyond, even to the glorious heat of the Summer-Land. Bless God for the distinct revelation of such a grand, comforting and elevating truth.

Mrs. E. M. HICKOK

[See Mr. Hickok's remarks in another column.]

The funeral of the late Geo. W. Winstow took place Tuesday morning, Dec. 24th, from his late residence in Kalamazoo, Mich., and was largely attended—many of the citizens being present. Rev. Mr. Howland officiated, his remarks touching the life and character of the deceased were particularly noteworthy. His father, George Winstow, has long been identified with the cause of Spiritualism, and was an effective worker. "He rests from his labors and works follow him."

From Paterson, N. A., Dec. 5th, Allen Lapham, in 59th year of his age.

(Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, ten cents for each additional line is required. A line of type averages ten words.)

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Nov. 2, -1y*

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- 2. et. 2. Names Misspelled.
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- 2. et. 4. Shadows of Modern Spiritualism.
- 2. et. 5. Psychology.
- 2. et. 6. Spirit What is It? and its Ultimate.
- 2. et. 7. Occult Forces in Spirit Spheres Illustrated.
- 2. et. 8. Spirits Externalizing.
- 2. et. 9. The Immediate Action after Death, showing Spirit Conditions.
- 2. et. 10. Man's Accountability for Transgression, The Law of Distributive Justice.
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A Discourse delivered by MRS. NETTIE PEASE FORD
in Odd Fellows' Temple, Rochester, N. Y., Sunday, Nov
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Paper, 15 pages. Price 10 cents, postage free.
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The Rostrum.

IMMORTALITY:

OR THE WORLD TO COME, AS REVEALED IN THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture Delivered before the Parker Memorial Society of Spiritualists, Boston, Mass., on Sunday, Jan. 13th, 1879, by

JOHN TYRMAN, OF AUSTRALIA.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Before proceeding with the subject, that I am announced to lecture upon, I wish to say a few words on two other matters. And the first place, as it has fallen to my lot to address you on the first Sunday of a new year, I would offer a few remarks suggested by, and appropriate to, the occasion. In my orthodox days, it was my custom to preach a special sermon on the first Sunday in each year, in which I reviewed the past, surveyed the present, and forecast the future, and gave such warnings, suggestions and counsels as I thought necessary at the commencement of the year. I do not sustain toward you the relation of minister, but of confederate journeyer, and have no right to address you as a pastor would his flock, and yet, though I am a stranger among you, I trust that as a brother in faith, and a citizen in the spiritual vineyard, I shall not be deemed presumptuous in pursuing this course. The year '78 has come to a close, and I now sleep on the bosom of the Past, there to rest in quiet, undisturbed repose. Whatsoever of good or evil, pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow, prosperity or adversity it brought, we may profit by. It has run its race, and disappeared forever, but it has bequeathed to us a year of experience and lessons, which we shall generally agree to take, and turn to good account. But what of the year '79, that has just opened up with smiling face? What shall this year be especially so far as Spiritualism is concerned? Shall it be a year of decay and retrogression? of stationary inactivity? or of vigour, reconstruction and marked success? It will be the latter, I sincerely trust. I am not a prophet, and dare not indulge in predictions in this matter, but I venture to express heartfelt hope, that the year on which we have just entered, will witness the putting forth of the earnest effort by the Spiritualists as a body, the realization of greater harmony among our scattered ranks, and the achievement of grander conquests over all forms of opposition, than any past year has done.

I should like to see a genuine and widespread revival of true Spiritualism. I do not mean a revival of the Moody and Sankey type, produced by sensational effort, and characterized by an unhealthy and short-lived sentimentalism, a revival of faith in decaying creeds, exploded superstitions, and customs of doubtful utility. But a revival born of an intelligent apprehension of the truth of Spiritualism, and a profound conviction of its importance to the world at large. A revival of interest in its facts, demonstrating the reality of a far more stable, in its religion, as a principle to permeate our life, and a scientific study of life, and in its philosophy, as the only satisfactory solution of many of the problems which have taxed the master minds of the world in past ages. Oh, that such a revival as this may pervade this city, sweep over the American continent, and extend to all the world. May I not expect that you Boston friends will do your best to promote it in a special and beneficial manner? You have some excellent mediums in your midst, a large number of well-grounded believers in the system, a considerable amount of machinery in active operation, and overall waves the grand old Banner of Light, which has weathered the storms of many years and therefore your united and earnest effort would accomplish much good. Indeed, in the sense, the revival may be said to have commenced in your city. The labors of Dr. Peabody, Mr. C. Miller, Mrs. Richmond, and other less known but worthy workers and sisters, have already borne good fruit. May the movement be carried on with vigor, and with the aid of the truth, and in the place of an isolated and wide, and so on, consider the system and earnestly seek to have error, superstition, and evil, which have so long disgraced the ground on which the grand temple of truth and righteousness is destined to stand.

In the next place, permit me to express the pleasure I feel in addressing this large audience in a Hall devoted to the memory of *Phineas Parkes*. He was one of America's earliest and best sons. No larger or more noble-hearted man, in my knowledge, ever lived in the republic. In his many and varied labors, he was ever in the vanguard, and penetrating in his efforts, his initiatives were keen and far-reaching. His mind of a calm and serene nature, under the benign influence of an enlightened and liberal culture, attained a degree of refinement and growth, not seldom equalled; his attainments were large in extent, and varied in character, and his conscientiousness and courage were such, that he bravely confronted what he believed to be right, and fearlessly proclaimed the truth, whether he discovered it by his own research, or it flashed upon his mind in the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. His life was a constant and noble effort to do good, and his death a martyr's death. His influence was not confined to his native country; it has reached the oceans, and is silently permeating the Christian world. But as Boston was the arena of some of his bitterest conflicts, and the scene of many of his noblest triumphs, it was not that it should thus honor and perpetuate his memory. Long may this fine and spacious building stand, a fitting monument to his imperishable work, and a centre whence will radiate in all directions the beams of truth, for a noble and exalted reputation of which he is justly and deservedly proud.

I am glad to find in close proximity to this building a second Hall, erected to the memory of another illustrious champion of truth, liberty and right, *Thomas Paine*. I need not learn, however, that the Paine Memorial Hall is surrounded with a building, I am a poor man, but if I possessed the wealth of some of the liberals in this country, it is my ambition for Paine, that that financial means should not long hinder the institution. It has been feared that the building would fall into the hands of the enemies of the Paine Memorial Hall, and I cannot think that will be the case. Surely the beautiful power of Freedom, that has been planted there, will not be allowed to be withered by the blighting touch of Orthodox sectarianism. May the liberals of Boston and America do their duty in this matter. Our close proximity in this building to the Boston Free Thought headquarters, though only an accidental circumstance, I would like to regard as indicative of the nearness to each other in spirit, general principles, and a purpose of the two principal divisions of the movement. The Spiritualists and the Materialists. Free thinkers did not divide, and I believe never will, and I am glad to find them in close proximity to each other, and I should be glad to see them fraternize and cooperate more than they do, and thus practically prove that they are really true, tolerant, and progressive.

And now that I am congratulating Boston on its possession of two such fine Liberal Halls, I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that in the time it will do itself the honor of erecting a building to the memory of another illustrious champion of truth, liberty and right, *John Locke*. I do not think either three men could be mentioned, who have done more in their respective spheres, for liberty, progressive religion, spiritualism, and the gradual elevation and ultimate happiness of the human family, than that glorious and comprehensible trinity—Paine, Parker, and Davis—Paine, the brave and uncompromising Free thinker; Parker, the devout and rationalist Theist; and Davis, the Spiritualist and Harmonial Philosopher. And as I have looked abroad over our city, and behold the number of costly buildings with ambitious styles, that are dedicated to the worship of unknown Gods, and used mainly for the dissemination of pernicious errors, I could not but mentally exclaim, Surely there are in Boston enough Free thinkers, Free religionists, and Spiritualists—who are but different wings of the great army of Liberty and Progress—to sustain at least three Liberal Institutions. Well, I am delighted to find that two are already in existence, each fulfilling its noble mission, and I trust that the third will be added before long, to grace some street in your favored city.

Having said this much on other matters, I will now proceed to the consideration of the subject—*Immortality—or the World to Come, as Revealed in the Light of Spiritualism*. I have not chosen a novel or sensational subject for my first lecture in Boston. It has often been discussed, and is perhaps somewhat hackneyed. And yet it is of vast importance to us all; and familiar as you may be with it, I hope to be able to make it in some degree edifying to most of you. The only persons who will not be interested in the subject, and for whom my lecture is not the most desired degree intended, are those self-sufficient ones who know it all beforehand—a rather numerous class among American Spiritualists.

Immortality. A word pregnant with mighty thoughts and momentous questions. There are few words in the English language which have such a deep and broad significance, which touch such tender chords in the human heart, and round which such vital questions cluster. It has inspired the poet's song, kindled the orator's eloquence, and taxed the philosopher's speculations in all historic ages. "If a man die, shall he live again?" This question has been weighing on the hand of bereavement from millions of souls since the days of afflicted Job.

What is man, and what is his eternal destiny? Life is sometimes compared to a *rough journey*. We are speeding across the continent of our earthly existence as fast as the cars of time can carry us. What is our destination? Shall we at the end of life's journey be precipitated into a chasm, whose depth has never been fathomed, nor silence broken? Or is the dark gulch bridge over, and shall we be borne across to a region of light and life on the other side? Life is also likened to a *voyage*. We have launched our barks on the ocean of time, and are crossing its vast and restless waters, sometimes with full-spread sail and pleasant weather, and at other times the sport of contrary winds and raging storms. Whither are we bound? Shall we be long

strike on the rock of mortality, and founder in the waters of annihilation? Or is there another country beyond, peopled by the former denizens of earth? and shall we be welcomed to its sunny shores, as living, conscious beings, when the troubled ocean of time is crossed? In other words, is man an immortal being? Is there a future state which is to be his eternal home? Or is he only destined to play a brief part in the drama of time, and then vanish forever from the stage of conscious life?

The subject of immortality becomes of great interest and importance to us, first, in view of those *eternal relations and friendships of whom we have been bereaved*. Death has snatched beloved ones from our fond embrace. Where are they? This question does not refer to their bodies. We know where they are. We have tenderly and lovingly laid them to rest in the grave. But where is that which looked through those eyes now closed in the darkness of death, that which spoke through those lips now closed in silence, that which smiled and moved those limbs now lifeless and still—where is that? Did we coffin it, and consign it to the grave with the body? Or did it quit the mortal form, and enter a region of immortality? The subject also deeply concerns us who have thus far survived our departed friends. Our bodies will soon be consigned to the dark and silent grave as theirs have been. But shall we go down into that region of night, and join them in a dreamless and eternal sleep? Will the thinking, intelligent principle within us, which constitutes our individuality, and which distinguishes us from the brute, be bequeathed out of existence at death? Or is it destined to triumph over the dread king of terrors, and flourish in immortality in some other sphere? Shall we join our friends ere long, not in the congregation of the dead, but in the realms of the living, and renew those tender ties and happy associations, which gladden life for the present interrupted and rent asunder? These are queries which come home to us all.

In further consideration of this subject, I will ask and endeavor to answer three questions. First, is man a soul? Secondly, is that soul immortal? And thirdly, what is that immortality which awaits him? or rather, what is the future state, in which he, as an immortal being, is destined to live forever?

I shall make but few remarks on the first question. Several arguments and evidences could be adduced to prove that *man has a soul*; but time does not permit me to enlarge upon this point at present, nor does the nature of the subject require that I should. I might, for example, in the first place, argue that man has a soul, from the *intellectual, moral, and spiritual faculties* he possesses. What is it that constitutes the intelligent, thinking, reasoning, feeling power in a human being? What is it that manifests the faculties of memory and judgment; the sentiments of hope and benevolence; and the principles of conscience and will? The Materialist replies that it is the brain. He holds that the brain is the origin and source of all the faculties, principles, and sentiments which make up man's complex mental and moral being. But I cannot assent to this view. I cannot regard intelligence, reason, imagination, affection, and conscience, as mere products of matter, but the product of the physical substance which composes the brain. On the contrary, I maintain that the brain is only the organ, the instrument used by something behind it, for the manifestation of its varied powers; and that something I call the soul. What is the brain? It is only an aggregation of atoms. Dissolve it; resolve it analytically into individual atoms if you can, and I will ask you, Do you discover the element of life, the power of thought, the faculty of memory, the sentiment of affection, the principle of conscience, or the attribute of will in a single atom? No, nothing of the kind. You may add another and another, but you will not obtain in what neither of them, singly possessed. You may multiply these atoms, till you reach a hundred, a thousand, or a million if you choose; but you cannot scientifically and philosophically develop for them in the aggregate, what you do not find in them, in essence, as in individual atoms. I might argue that man has a soul, from the *several faculties* from the fact of his *consciousness*. He is conscious of his own existence, and of the existence of other beings. He is conscious of his own thoughts, feelings, and desires, and of the thoughts, feelings, and desires of others. He is conscious of his own past, and of the past of others. He is conscious of his own future, and of the future of others. He is conscious of his own death, and of the death of others. He is conscious of his own immortality, and of the immortality of others. He is conscious of his own soul, and of the soul of others. He is conscious of his own God, and of the God of others. He is conscious of his own heaven, and of the heaven of others. 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